Ceraunophilia

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Ceraunophilia

by JSinister32

Summary

> Hannibal’s keyring slipped from his damp hands, clattering to the ground just as he selected the correct key that would permit him into his home. He bent to scoop them up, dismally remonstrating how much he detested being trapped outdoors and unprepared in a downpour. It wasn’t that he hated the rain; quite the opposite in fact. As long as he wasn’t trapped without a roof over his head, he enjoyed the fury of nature and her ever-changing moods.

When Hannibal invites Will over to spend the evening together, the rain pouring down around them sets the mood for more.

Notes

This fic used to live in a collection with the same name, but I have chosen to expand it by a couple thousand words, and give it some new life as its own piece. I've grown so much as a writer within this fandom that it was fun to rework an old ficlet into a much better piece that can stand on its own.

I'm also really, REALLY looking forward to the rainy season here, but that's not until July. If lots of stories have rain, you'll just have to forgive me for my mania.

As always, I hope you all enjoy my little indulgence.

Hearts and Body Parts,
🤍JM

NOTE: I do not allow translations or additional archiving locations. Please let me know if you find this work anywhere except AO3, posted by me. I hate adding this note, but I hate my work being stolen even more. Thank you for understanding.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ceraunophilia: (n.) Greek
Loving thunder and lighting;
Finding intense beauty in storms.

The rain started in earnest just as Hannibal navigated his car into the driveway, coming to a slow, painful stop as his tires slid through the unexpected torrents of water. The claps of thunder that chased bright flashes of lightning across the sky were cannon fire in his ears; at times like this, it was not difficult to imagine Zeus in the heavens, hurling thunderbolts down upon unsuspecting mortals. *You're going to be one of the unsuspecting if you don't get inside, and quickly. You should have been home an hour ago and you have company coming.*

Bracing himself for the onslaught, Hannibal threw open the car door and stepped carefully from the car, slamming it shut before hurling himself towards his front door. His feet slipped along the pathway; Hannibal narrowly avoided taking a spill onto the stone, only righting himself just in time. His right knee protested painfully, taking the brunt of the overcorrection.

The deluge picked up around him just as he reached the door, fumbling for the keys in his coat pocket.

"Damn it all!" Hannibal's keyring slipped from his damp hands, clattering to the ground just as he selected the correct key that would permit him into his home. He bent to scoop them up, dismally remonstrating how much he detested being trapped outdoors and unprepared in a downpour. It wasn't that he hated the rain; quite the opposite in fact. As long as he wasn't trapped without a roof over his head, he enjoyed the fury of nature and her ever-changing moods.

Blinking the rain out of his eyes, he managed to collect the keys from where they had fallen amongst the lush plants surrounding his front door. His stiff fingers fumbled with his key set, searching once again for his house key. His teeth chattered, waves of uncomfortable shivers marched themselves down his spine as a cold, wet droplet slid down the back of his jacket, making its descent beneath the collar of his shirt. *Damn the rain and the cold. Damn my decision to keep all of my personal and professional keys on one keyring.*

Just as he triumphantly selected the correct key for a second time, another car pulled into his driveway, the lights casting shining prisms through the icy droplets of water. Startled by the sudden illumination, the key ring slid once more from his hands and out of sight amidst the greenery. He stared, defeated, at the place in which they had disappeared, willing himself to simply melt away with the water and rid him of his frustrations. A set of hurried footsteps came pounding up the walk towards him; the cadence was so familiar, they sent a shot of twisting despair through his gut. He groaned, wishing vehemently for at least the tenth time since the rain started that he had made the decision to leave his office, even five minutes earlier. *All of this could have been easily avoided had I just listened to my intuition. Instead, I'm caught fumbling for my keys like an invalid, trapped out in this storm.*

"Hannibal, are you okay?" The voice of Will Graham soothed through his fractured soul like warm honey, easing some of the tension from his shoulders. The doctor stood from where he

crouched on the ground in his search, clutching his keys in his hand like a woman with her purse. He blinked droplets of water from his lashes as he watched Will approach, far drier than he himself was; the profiler was holding the metal handle of an umbrella, its plastic covering served to help avoid the worst of the rainfall. *Umbrella. Of course he would have thought to bring his.* Hannibal's own was tucked safely in his office, locked away in his misguided attempt to declutter his vehicle. *Fool. You could have stayed dry through all your folly had you remembered something as simple as protection from the rain.*

Will made his way carefully up the walk, hurrying along as much as the downpour would allow. Hannibal felt the sudden relief of the umbrella as the profiler drew close, holding it aloft to shield them both.

He never wanted to kiss someone so badly in his life.

"Ahh Will," he shivered, hoping his voice didn't sound as tired as he felt. "I was not expecting you for some time yet, and had hoped to have a cup of tea waiting when you arrived. You must forgive me for my current state. I left my umbrella in my desk at the office and have somehow managed to drop my keys." He knew he was babbling; he couldn't seem to force himself to stop. Will frowned and drew closer to where Hannibal stood shivering by his front door. Hannibal caught the clean scent of his skin, the touch of cologne he had refreshed when he'd returned home to change. The scents mingled with the fresh smell of rain, making his mouth water even as he shook. A warm hand curled around his own, only to draw away with a startled gasp.

"Jesus Doctor, you're freezing. Were you able to find your keys?" Hannibal held them up in a trembling hand. Will took them gently from his grasp, sifting through until he found the gold key that fit the front door.

"This one?" Hannibal nodded miserably. Will fit the key into the lock, pushing the door open and into the dry, hushed quiet of Hannibal's home. The profiler ushered him inside, as if he were the guest arriving soaked on his doorstep. The door closed behind them with a resounding thud, effectively cutting off the cold air that wafted through.

"Let me help you with your things," Will murmured. "We can get you out of those wet clothes and into something warmer. Your skin feels like ice." The words eased through Hannibal's mind, made his heart pound swiftly beneath his skin. *That is not his meaning. Put it out of your mind this instant.* Hannibal moved clumsily into the room, a sigh of relief escaping his lips as Will locked the door. He stood, frozen in place and shivering while the profiler set aside his umbrella and removed his shoes and coat, hanging them on his customary hooks by the door. When he'd finished, he glanced back, assessing the doctor with no small amount of concern.

"How long were you out there before I rescued you?" he asked, moving closer to where Hannibal still stood. The doctor's teeth chattered, making his response far more difficult than it had the right to be. *Warm. I need to get warm.*

"Longer than I care to admit," he managed. "I wasn't expecting the downpour to pick up as swiftly as it managed. It caught me by surprise." His mind felt as frozen as his limbs; his movements and comprehension awkward as he attempted to shuffle further into the recesses

of his home. His shoes squeaked against the wood of his floors; Will stopped him with a hand to his arm. The profiler's fingers were warm and familiar, but Hannibal's skin was so cold, the touch barely registered.

"Don't go further into the house in those shoes," Will warned. "They need to be dried properly, and you don't need to leave marks on your floors. Here."

Carefully, Will knelt down and reached for the other man's feet, untying the soaked dress shoes the doctor wore. Hannibal balanced a hand on the profiler's shoulder as he eased the dripping leather from his feet before setting them to dry next to his own by the door. Will turned back once more, pulling the wet socks from Hannibal's feet. The profiler wrapped his warm hands around each appendage in turn, letting the socks fall to the ground in a heap.

"Jesus, you're freezing," he gently admonished. "Did you ride the entire way home with no heat?" Hannibal nodded, looking as miserable as he felt.

"It wasn't cold until I arrived to the torrents of rain. Losing my keys twice did nothing to assist the steady decline of my core temperature." Will nodded and stood from where he knelt at Hannibal's feet.

"Yeah, it's really coming down out there. I almost left my umbrella as well; would have, too, if Bev didn't mention something as I was leaving." Will eyed Hannibal critically, then seemed to come to a decision; a plan of action that got him moving once more.

"Right now, we need to get you dry and warm, then we can talk about tea and dinner." Will took Hannibal's cold, unresponsive hands and lead him further into the house, turning on lights as they went. He was there often enough that he didn't need to look; everything was exactly where he expected it to be.

The thought of Will's familiarity with his home did funny, painful things to Hannibal's already straining heart. *Do not be so ridiculous. You are cold, you are beyond exhausted. You feel weak; he is handsome. But he is not yours.*

"C'mon , Doctor," Will coaxed, drawing Hannibal out of his frayed thoughts. "I'll start the shower for you." Shivering, Hannibal allowed himself to be lead down the hall. Will opened the last door on the left, into his master bedroom and lead him straight through to the en suite at the far side of the room. He flicked on the light and released Hannibal's hands, making his way into the space to turn the water of the shower on. He spent several moments adjusting the temperature until it all but blistered down his skin, the heat forming billows of steam that poured into the room like smoke.

Once satisfied, he turned back to where Hannibal still stood, staring at the door to the shower without really seeing it. Will took in the dark circles that formed beneath his eyes and the pale color of his lips; his heart strained just a little. *Weather and a long week have really done a number on him. He needs a little time just to-*

The boom of thunder shook the ground outside; both men jumped as if struck. Will shook his head and laughed reassuringly.

“That’s quite some storm,” he murmured with a grin. “Let’s get you into the water. I’ll make a fire out by the kitchen while you get warm.”

Together, they peeled the wet clothing from the doctor’s body, letting it fall without a care onto the tiles beneath their feet. Will kept his assistance as utilitarian as possible, but Hannibal’s breath still caught in his throat at the gentle brush of the profiler’s fingers against his chilled skin. They felt as good as the water would; warm and reassuring, sending shivers of pleasure arcing out across his body like the lightning that filled the skies. Hannibal did his best to remain calm; he refused to allow his attraction to Will embarrass them both. As soon as he was clad in just his boxer briefs, Will turned towards the door with a gentle smile.

“I’ll be right down the hall if you need anything,” he reassured him.

His voice had dropped lower into his throat; if Hannibal didn’t know better, he would have called it arousal.

Will gave him a small wave and made his way from the room, closing the door behind him to keep in the heat. Hannibal removed what remained of his clothing and climbed into the shower with a sigh. It took a few short moments for the water to cease its stinging as it warmed his skin; eventually, he began to relax, allowing the pressure of his shower head to ease what tension remained in his shoulders. He let his mind drift as his temperature returned to normal, the remains of the awful day washed down the drain with his stress.

Hannibal closed his eyes, and tried not to wish Will had chosen to join him.

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Twenty minutes later, he emerged from the bathroom, warm and refreshed, feeling better than he had all week. To his great surprise, the room was bathed in a warm, orange glow; Will had taken the time to light the fire in the bedroom as well. The gesture was oddly touching; it warmed his heart as much as his skin that the profiler cared enough to ensure that the space in the most intimate room in his home was comfortable, if unoccupied for the time being. The delectable scent of black tea and soup broth wafted down the hall, making his stomach rumble. It suddenly occurred to him that it had been several hours since he last ate. His guest was occupying the space in the kitchen, preparing a meal while he corrected the follies of his day. Hannibal suddenly felt guilty, but did his best to push the negative feelings away. *We are friends. He is also likely hungry and does not wish to wait for me to prepare our food. There is nothing more to it; cease these feeble attempts to read into his actions, and be grateful he didn’t simply leave.*

With a weary sigh, Hannibal stepped into the closet to find something comfortable to wear. With all their familiarity, Will had never seen him in anything outside his normal level of refined dress, but Hannibal couldn’t bring himself to don anything resembling his work attire. Instead, he pulled on a fresh pair of boxer briefs and sourced a pair of comfortably worn in jeans, still dark with dye. A white v neck t shirt stretched over the muscles in his chest and stomach, topped with a fine, wine colored v neck sweater. He contemplated briefly, then pulled a pair of socks from the drawer and slipped them on as well before closing the door to the closet. Taking a brief look at himself in the mirror, he brushed his damp hair out

of his eyes and left the bedroom, moving slowly towards the kitchen, following the heavenly scents.

The sight that greeted him was enough to stop him in his tracks.

Will had donned the white apron Hannibal had gifted him after the second time they cooked together in his home; it was tied with perfect precision around his trim waist. Their first bonding experience had been over food; finding themselves to be very compatible in the kitchen, they often spent hours on the weekends preparing meals for the coming week together, and the purchase of the apron had saved many of Will's favorite items of clothing from his constant tendency to wipe his hands on his legs. Cooking was a passion that brought them together every week; it also served to ensure Hannibal knew Will was eating regularly and well.

The profiler had managed to gain four pounds since Hannibal had taken on a more permanent position in his professional circle, a fact that had not escaped the notice of their coworkers. Their constant teasing brought a heated flush to the back of Hannibal's neck, but it didn't cease to please him that they blamed him for Will's wellbeing.

Hannibal watched from the doorway as Will lifted the lid of the pot on the stove and dipped a small spoon into a rich looking broth, already ripe with heavy spicing. He blew on it gently before tasting; a frown formed at the very corners of his lips. Without turning around, he gestured over his shoulder with the now empty spoon.

"Come here and taste this. It's still missing something, but I can't quite put my finger on it."

Intrigued at Will's obvious ability to sense his presence in the room, Hannibal made his way around the counter and into the brightly lit kitchen. Taking the proffered spoon, he leaned over the pot and inhaled deeply before taking a careful spoonful of the deep amber liquid. As he waited for it to cool, he glanced up, his eyes meeting Will's warm blue gaze. Smiling, he lifted the spoon to his lips.

"You forgot the cumin," he replied, just before spooning the broth into his mouth. Will laughed and shook his head, delighted.

"Your nose, Doctor. It's really something incredible, you know? Just like the rest of you." The shocked silence that filled the room was punctuated only by the bubbling on the stove, and the storm still raging outside. Will stilled and shrank back, his hands coming up as if expecting a physical blow. The back of his neck and cheeks stained with a warm, delicate red; embarrassment was clearly etched into his handsome, shaken features. They stood for a long moment, both frozen in place, both unwilling to break the silence that surrounded them. The tension climbed, threatening to choke the life from Hannibal's throat. *What- did he just-*

Will inhaled, clearly meaning to speak. Whatever he would have professed was drowned out by a loud peal of thunder that echoed through the house, causing both men to jump. The power flickered feebly, then went out completely, leaving the pair bathed in the eerie blue glow of heat from Hannibal's stove. Will raised panicked eyes to the doctor's face.

"I-"

“Will, I-” They quieted and stared at one another from the feet that separated them. Will took a breath and held up a hand, effectively silencing the words in Hannibal’s throat.

“I’m sorry, Doctor Lecter,” he murmured, his voice low and trembling. “I didn’t mean- hell, I had no intention of letting my feelings come out the way they did. Let’s just both forget what I just said and enjoy the rest of the evening, okay?” The lights flickered back on, bathing the room in bright, white light. Relieved, Will turned and reached into the cabinet where he knew the spices were kept. If Hannibal didn’t know him as well as he did, he would not have caught the quiet tremor in the profiler’s hand as he opened the cabinet.

The doctor stared, thoughts racing through the shock that held him in place. *He knows where the spices are kept. He comes to breakfast with me most weekends; we spend Sunday evenings together, in this very space, cooking. We eat lunch together as often as time will permit, and he confides in me when his thoughts get to be too much. He knows I am here when he becomes lost in his own head. I would do anything for him. Absolutely anything.*

When were we meant to realize that this comfortable friendship could be so much more if we gave it the opportunity?

It was the last thought that propelled him forward, towards the man at his stove. Will was busy searching for the measuring spoons. In his discomfort, he overlooked where he had placed them earlier; they sat right next to the spoon he’d been using to stir his soup.

“How much cumin do you think I need to add? I think about a half-” Hannibal reached out and laid a gentle hand on the profiler’s shoulder; Will’s words died in his throat. He turned towards the other man, his eyes as large as moons; bright and the most beautiful shade of blue Hannibal had ever seen. Without a thought, Hannibal caged the other man back against the counter, and brushed their lips together in a soft, chaste kiss. *Oh. God.*

Will tasted of tea and rain; fresh and cool as a winter morning. The spoons he managed to find clattered to the ground in a useless heap. His fingers carded and wound their way through the soft, damp tendrils of Hannibal’s hair. Hannibal pulled back fractionally; with a soft, desperate sound, Will caught the doctor’s mouth, and deepened the kiss. Hannibal’s hands made their way around Will’s waist of their own volition; pulling him closer, bringing their bodies flush. Their gentle press of lips built like the storm outside; soft and gentle as a summer rain, working to a crescendo as Hannibal licked gently at Will’s lower lip, begging entrance. Will moaned, melting into Hannibal’s arms as their lips parted. The inside of his mouth was hot and slick, and felt perfect to penetrate with his tongue. Will’s fingers trembled as he tugged on Hannibal’s hair, begging without words as he mapped the inside of the profiler’s mouth. Hannibal took his time in his explorations, savoring Will as if he were a fine dessert. Long, honeyed moments passed before their kiss broke; both men breathing heavily as they stared with wonder across the scant inches that separated them. Hannibal’s hands still rested on the profiler’s waist, fingers playing over the skin beneath the very edge of his sweater. He smiled gently, watching as Will’s shocked gaze dropped to his mouth.

“I think a half teaspoon will do just fine,” he managed. His voice was low and breathy, burning through his lungs with an edge of roughened need. Will laughed and looped his arms around the doctor’s neck, bringing him close for another kiss.

“Fuck the soup, Hannibal,” he murmured against the doctor’s lips. “Take me to bed.” Hannibal’s eyes darked as his pupils swelled, encompassing the bloodstained red of his irises completely. He stole one final, devastating kiss, before taking the other man’s hand to lead him from the kitchen.

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Their clothes disappeared in a flurry of hands and mouths; breathy moans and half coherent pleas. Hannibal’s sweater and t shirt were the first victims to fall, yanked over his head by eager fingers that explored the skin of his chest with reverent wonder. Will’s button down took a little more time; Hannibal’s already fractured patience dwindled near the end and they ended up shucking it over Will’s head, half the buttons still attempting to hold it in place. Belts had been unbuckled, clinking merrily as they fell off the edge of the bed and onto the floor. Jeans now tangled together, their legs looped over and through one another as if they, too, were in throes of passion equal to those of their owners. Underwear was gone in a whisper, and when he laid Will gently onto the mattress, Hannibal’s heart worked diligently to pound its way out through his ribcage. He had never desired anything as badly as he wanted the man beneath him.

Will’s skin was endlessly satisfying to stroke; the heartfelt whimpers and full throated cries at even the lightest touches were pure heaven. Their lips met and brushed, parted for Hannibal to enjoy the heady, intoxicating taste of Will’s kisses. They burned their way into his blood, branding his very bones. Even if they managed to escape without any physical marks, Hannibal would have a constant reminder that his heart no longer belonged to him.

He wondered briefly if others would be able to see; be able to tell. He fervently hoped so.

Hannibal tipped Will onto his back with infinite care, covering the profiler’s shaking body with his own. Their cocks nested together gently; bright flashes of pure pleasure sparked along Hannibal’s spine as he rocked his hips, giving in to Will’s unconscious desire for friction. The profiler’s hands wrapped firmly around his biceps, as if he were about to fall from the edge of the world and Hannibal was the anchor holding him still. His eyes fluttered shut, throat working as he swallowed a gasping moan. Hannibal filled his mouth with his tongue, and reached into his bedside table for the small bottle hidden amongst his belongings.

“I have never wanted anyone as much as I have desired to make you mine,” he whispered reverently as he uncapped the bottle, spilling a little of the heavy liquid onto his fingers. Will buried his face into Hannibal’s throat and rocked his hips up in offering; all words seemed to have fled, reducing him to a creature of pure need. Overwhelmed, Hannibal lowered his questing fingers between the profiler’s thighs, seeking the knot of muscle between the firm globes of Will’s ass. Will gasped and tensed; Hannibal soothed his fears with gentle, coaxing kisses as his fingers swirled around his puckered entrance, coating him with lube. The gentle circles he made against the furrow of muscle brought a high, tight moan from Will’s throat. His hips rocked down of their own volition as he unconsciously sought the pleasure Hannibal offered. *God on high, you are exquisite. That’s it, darling. Chase your pleasure for me.*

As the first fingertip breached him, Will cried out hoarsely; his body stilled as he adjusted to the gentle intrusion. Hannibal kissed his parted lips, swallowing the soft cries of tentative

pleasure. They took a moment to breathe together, letting their pulses settle into a single rhythm as Will's body adjusted. When the profiler nodded, he began to nudge forward; his finger sank into the yielding, scorching heat of Will's body as Hannibal tried to calm the fire in his blood. *Tend to you. Make sure you feel only pleasure. My own is secondary.*

One finger was soon gliding smoothly in and out; Will gasped around Hannibal's tongue and begged without words for more. Hannibal was only too happy to oblige; he watched with a fierce, protective love as pleasure wracked Will's features at two. When two turned into three, Will's entire body began to shake. He pushed Hannibal's hands away, wrapping his fingers around the other man's wrist.

"Want you," he begged, his voice low and needy in his throat. "I need it, Hannibal. Inside me, now. Please." The quiet stream of words issuing forth from his lips were a symphony to the Hannibal's ears; it took everything within his power not to come on the spot. Will watched hungrily as Hannibal carefully slicked his cock, shuddering at the gentle wrap of his own fingers. He was hard and leaking; so turned on, he was likely not going to last long. *Please. Please let it be good for him. Let me make it good.*

Holding Will's gaze, he parted his thighs, moving carefully between them. Will's breaths puffed in short bursts against his face; Hannibal covered his mouth briefly with his own. As gently as he could, the doctor lined up his cock against Will's stretched opening, rubbed himself against the slick flesh. Pleasure burned through all of his senses; he paused for a moment, willing himself under control. Their lips brushed as Hannibal pressed forward, sliding the first few inches into the molten heat of Will's body. The profiler's back bowed off the bed, sliding Hannibal's cock another half inch deeper within him, heaving him to the seams. Moans ripped themselves from his throat; quiet, desperate sounds that seared into Hannibal's thumping heart. He couldn't take his eyes from the pleasure-wracked vision beneath him, begging him incoherently to fill him. Hannibal pressed forward gently, stealing gentle kisses from Will's softly parted lips; he drank down his sounds as if they were wine.

When their hips finally came flush, they breathed together, listening to the rain as Will took several precious moments to adjust to the fullness inside him. Hannibal could feel him relax around him but waited, helping himself to the creamy column of Will's throat as his breathy moans filled the air around them.

"H-Hannibal… please," Will breathed. "I need you to move."

Hannibal nodded, hardly daring to speak. The first slick slide into the tight heat of Will's body cracked his heart in two. Will's moans cut into cries as they rocked together, taking their pleasure in one another's pleasure. Hannibal lifted Will's hips, angling his body to thrust against his prostate; Will cried out at the overwhelming sensation as it set blinding sparks of pleasure alight behind his eyes. Hannibal set a gentle but steady pace, sheathing himself over and over in Will's tight, slick heat; his eyes liquid fire as they watched pleasure chase across Will's handsome features. They took their time, moving together as this was the first and the thousandth time they made love.

It was everything they needed it to be.

When Will's breath began to hitch in his lungs, Hannibal instinctively picked up the pace, pounding expertly into his prostate with the pressure of a velvet finger against the intimate bundle of nerves. He reached long, elegant fingers between their bodies to close around Will's straining cock, forming a sleeve to fuck him through. At once, Will began to writhe, crying out as the pleasure built to impossible heights. *I want to come, god, please, I want…*

Hannibal watched his face as he stroked him, whispering to him as he worked the his lover's body.

"Let it come, darling," he whispered. "Do not hold it back from me. Show me how much you've desired this. Show me what I am doing to you. Let me feel your release around me." The words enunciated in Hannibal's deep, sex soaked voice was the final, burning feather that tipped Will over the edge. He came with a shattered cry, pleasure sparking down his spine as waves of white hot pleasure broke across his skin. Hannibal's breathing hitched; with a sudden moan, he buried himself to the hilt. Will felt the sudden rush of wet warmth as Hannibal emptied himself deep within him; the satisfaction so great it was close to a second orgasm.

They rocked together until the sensations were too much to bear; until Will began to shake from over-stimulation. Hannibal gently withdrew and rolled onto his back, pulling Will into the cradle of his arms. They lay together for long moments, gazing at one another in contentment from inches away. The rain grew grew gentle, as if it was as satisfied by the pleasures they had just experienced as they were. Hannibal laid a sofr, slow kiss to Will's lips, let their contact continue with a gentle brush of their mouths. *Jesus Christ and all the saints. We just fucked. He's absolutely perfect.*

Several minutes later, Hannibal stood and made his way to the en suite. Will met him as he was gathering a cloth to clean them; shooed him into the shower as he reached for the doctor's lips. They kissed beneath the spray, arms wrapped comfortably around one another as they cleaned away the mess their lovemaking had created. When Hannibal finally turned the water off, Will was almost liquidly relaxed; his mind a fuzzy, sated haze of the hormones coursing through his system. His lover toweled him dry; kissed his neck and shoulders as he worked the cloth over his skin. Will stared around blearily, wondering if he'd ever been as satisfied by a lover as he was now. *No. Because none of them were Hannibal.*

The man in question hung the towel on the heated bar and left the bathroom, only to return clad in a pair of flannel pajama bottoms, the white t shirt making a triumphant return over the contoured muscles of his chest. With a grin, he handed Will a pair of matching pants, which he pulled on gratefully, his cheeks stained a pale pink.

They made their way back to the kitchen where the soup was simmering away ,the kitchen filled with the rich, heavenly scent. Hannibal crossed languidly to the cabinet that held the pristine white bowls; Will lifted the lid on his creation and tasted the broth again. Turning, he grinned at the doctor, his eyes warm with humor as he held out the spoon.

"You know what, love?" he murmured, his voice tinged with laughter. "I don't think it needs cumin after all."

End Notes

Weekly Updates:

For those who are following, and since I don't have a message board (I really wish I did sometimes), this week should see updates to the following stories:
The Things Left Unspoken
Battle Scars
The conclusion of Reckless Behavior

Others may make it through as well, but I have a stand alone piece in the works as well, so we will have to see. I'm also thinking of creating podfics out of the stories I've written, as I used to host a podcast and still have all my equipment, and think it would be a fun way of letting me reread my own work.

Adore you all, and we will see you in the next updates.

Hearts and Body Parts,
🤍JM

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!